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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1878.

NUMBER 22.

POETRY.

Cousin Sue.

The following poem was written by Mr. J. S. George, father of Mr. D. W. George, of Chicago, in 1855, and has never appeared in print before:

Cousin Sue.

How do you? How are friends and foes and the "craps,"

And all the little social gaps?—Produced by War?

Myra and all the chubby chaps?—Who call you "My"?

Cousin Sue.

Tell me, do, News of old Richmond's boys and girls

Who sported mustaches and caps?—Three years ago?

It is true, That time has flown!

What they say of sister Carrie,—

That she shortly is to marry

One Billy Neale?—

He is to love, obey, nor vary

In woe or weal?

Consin Sue.

Are not you, That's a new and gay

Glad, "this cruel war is over?"

That our starry flags now cover

Each wayward State?—

Shall we welcome back, cover

The coming late?

Cousin Sue.

If a few Pretended friends should prove untrue,

Still let this fact be kept in view,

That I love you,

Susannah, Sukey, Susan, Sue

May God bless you,

J. G. G.

STORY TELLER.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Just back of Bristol avenue where
the palatial stores towered skyward,
where the richly clad walked to and
fro, making costly purchases amid the
fascinations of brilliant lights and well-
filled purses, runs a narrow, wretched
street called "Dirk's Lane," but "Scare-
row-Row" would be more appropriate
for the cottages were falling to pieces,
the steps decaying, the rickety, broken
hinged blinds beating back and forth
in the gusty wind, the weather-beaten
fences dilapidated, clap-boards swing-
ing, and the old broken window panes
stuffed with rags, old hats, etc. Can
this be an artery of the great city?

Yes; the living tide flows freely here,
although only pale, sad countenances
are seen; faces furrowed, and scantily
clothed forms gliding despairingly
through the streets. Children looked

pinched and spectral; their thinly-
clothed arms and bare hands purple

with cold as they hurry along, as fast
as numb feet will allow, to their wretched
dwellings.

As we enter one of the crazy ten-
ments, we find that the snow has been
before us, and an involuntary chill
shakes us as we see the line of cold
whiteness which has been sifted
through the cracks of the door. A fire
burns feebly in the old grate—so cal-
led that all but stony hearts must sigh
for the human woe there enshrined—
and upon the neatly-swept hearth
three children sit talking. The lamp-
light, flickering to its wane, reveals, by
its sickly flame, the mother kneeling
beside an old broken cradle, in which
a sick child of four years lay slum-
bering. The little hands held one of hers
in a tight clasp, and unwilling to dis-
turb the child, she left her hair just as
it had fallen from its fastenings—all
about her shoulders—a halo of beauty.
She was fearful that the night of death
was gathering about her only daughter—
the little pilgrim of four, short
summers—and as she looked at the
guileless, baby face, she thought, poor
mother, that it might be best so, for
He who loved little ones, carries the
lamb in His bosom, and, "O Father,"
she prayed, "save her from such a
stormy pathway as her mother's has
been."

Finally as the child moves in her
sleep, the little hands loosen their
hold, and the mother joins the boys by
the hearth. "Mother, dear mother, is
there any bread?" asked Harry, the
youngest, "or anything, mother, I
don't care what!" added Fred, while
Frank, the eldest, said nothing, only
taking his mother's hand, and rubbing
his thin little face against it.

The mother went to the pantry and
brought out three slices of stale bread
and a pint basin of cold broth. "This
will have to do for to-night, boys," she
said (not adding that there was not

another mouthful in the house) and
bending down she held the basin over
the flame until hot, and then poured it
over the bread.

"Oh mother, it is so good," said
Harry. "Tastes like more," added
Fred with a faint attempt at a joke.

The weary mother talked with the
boys for a weary half-hour—endeavoring
to put a brightness in her voice
that her poor heart never knew—and
then said, "Boys it would be warmer
for you in bed; mother will tuck you
up, if it is a bitter night," and she
shivered as she spoke. Their bed was
only an old mattress spread in one
corner; but as their mother tucked the
woolen spread about them, and they were
still clothed with coat and pants, they began
to feel quite comfortable and chatty.

They talked in low whispers, but
the mother heard all. Frank speaks
first: "O boys, I saw such a jolly shawl
sold to-day at O'Connor's auction! It
was so red and so warm, oh my, and it
only cost one dollar; if I could only
have bought it for mother." "Where's
your money you earned holding horse's
I'd like to know?" queried Fred.

"Gone to pay for medicine and brot-
for Baby May," answered Frank, and
then added in a lower voice, "Fred,
I'm afraid Baby May is going to have
common enough. I know five of 'em,
sir." "Five Delapiere's," said the vis-
itor grasping the boy's arm tightly.
"Let me pray to God to take us too—
let us tell Him—we're so cold and
hungry," added Fred. "And have
dot nosing but an old wusty knife,"
chimed Harry.

Frank laughed at this speech, but
the listening mother sighed. "Oh, my
God, aid us in our extremity, or my
darlings will soon get their wish," and
then she took from her bosom a thin
kid case, and opening it, took from it
what which read: "My wife, I am sober
now, but I came near killing you in
my last drunken spree, and I can-
not tell what I may do in my next. I
cannot give up this terrible cup. I
cannot pray; I may be doomed, but
you may pray if you choose—perhaps
—God knows. And now—good-bye
to your father; he will be to you what
I am not—a protector." "Baby
May was only six months old then,"
she mused, "and I have prayed all these
years since for Donald, dear Donald,"
and the tears fell thick and fast.

Down at the wharf a vessel had just
dropped anchor, and furled her damp
sails. The passengers left the deck
with quick tread, but with sober faces,
for the wildly plunging waves swelling
loudly and darkly to the spray-swept
shore, and the chilling, gusty wind
possesses a very depressing influence.

One of the passengers, a man of about
forty, with heavy beard and keen, gray
eyes, grasped his well-worn scat-
ch and started on his way through the
wet and cheerless streets. He evidently
knew his way, for he ignored all of
the offers of assistance—turned neither
to the right or the left, but straight ahead
to Bristol avenue. He then slackened
his pace somewhat, and as he neared
Conway Hall, he scanned the numbers
close. "No. 785, 786, 787, 788—her's
the number, surely, but I'm not so sure
of my man." He ran up one flight,
and his eyes met the sign "Dupont &
Raymond, Attorneys at Law." Yes—
he is all right so far—he rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Dupont in?" "He is; walk
in, please," invited the office-boy.
"Where is he?" abruptly asked our
caller. "In his sanctum," answered
the boy; "what name, sir?" "Tell him
an old friend wishes to speak to him."
"He'll not come for that, sir; he'll never
come out without your name, sir."

"Ask him if he likes fibberts, boy."
"That'd be a queer question, sir."
"Ask him—queer or not."

"Mr. Dupont," said the boy, enter-
ing the pleasant retreat of the bache-
lor lawyer, "a queer man has just come
in, and it's he, sir, not I, that want to
know if your honor likes fibberts." Fib-
berts, fibberts," mused he; "fibberts,"
and a light broke over his face, "bring
him in," and as the boy turned to do
his bidding, he arose, and quickly fol-
lowing, greeted the new comer on the
threshold. "Donald, boy, can it be?"

"Ralph, O. Ralph," and the two em-
braced with such fervor that they might
as well have been in a booth as in a
great fire, but this time they are kneel-
ing on a large velvet rug, and Davie,
the orphan office-boy, is kneeling with
them. "Davie is your home for ever and
ever, Davie, isn't you glad, dis booti-
ful home?" "We're going to have a tuks?"

have been called David and Jonathan.

The great coat was laid aside, the
coffee and oysters for two were brought
in, and as they ate and drank and
talked, they gave never a thought to
the little office boy outside who—the

lobby door being left wide open—
heard every word that they spoke.

A name arrests his lagging attention; he
hears his master say, "and have
you never heard a word from your wife
or concerning her?" and the reply
came sadly, "Never—O my God—what

will all thy goodness to me do if I can-
not find my poor wife and helpless
children?"

"Cheer up, Donald, we must hunt up all
the Roscoes in the city, but still she may have used her
maiden name—strange, but I forget it; what was it?" Delapiere—her father
was French, you know—if she has

taken that name, I can trace her if she is living, for there are very few Delapiere's in America."

"Pho, very few; I know lots of 'em."

It was the office-boy talking aloud in
his excitement. "Davie," called Mr. Dupont.
"Well, sir," answered Davie coming to the door.

"What are you talking about?" "I couldn't help hear-
ing what you said, sir."

"And what did you say—turn about
is fair play?" "I—I—" stammered the
office-boy. "I said Delapiere was

common enough. I know five of 'em,
sir." "Five Delapiere's," said the vis-
itor grasping the boy's arm tightly.
"Let me pray to God to take us too—
let us tell Him—we're so cold and
hungry," added Fred.

"Well, sir, loosen your grip—please
sir—there's Mrs. Delapiere—she's a beautiful woman, sir, but so
sad-like and so poor."

"And the others?" asked the stranger.
"Well, sir, there's Frank Delapiere, he
is the bravest boy I ever knew, sir,
but he's starvin'; then there's Fred

Delapiere and Harry Delapiere and
Baby May who is dyin', least ways
that's what my mother said this mornin'."

"Take me to them—quick, boy
—and a purse of gold is yours." "I
cannot give up the gold, sir, but they will,
sir—if you've got it—and I'll lead you
quick if Mr. Dupont says so."

"Yes, go Davie, lad, and may God bless you
in your undertaking."

They wound about a great deal, Mr. Dupont
thought, but soon all the grand
buildings were left behind, and they
went with quick feet down crooked
Dirk's Lane. "Here's the place, sir," said Davie, and Mr. Dupont held out
some shining gold with the remark,

"Take it, child," but the quick-witted
child was gone, and Mr. Dupont tapped
gently on the shabby door.

It was opened a little way, and a gentle
voice, full of tears, asked, "what is wanted?" Does Mrs. Delapiere live
here?" inquired the muffled voice. "I
am Mrs. Del

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

JOHN R. BURNET.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM DR. L. L. PEET.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

NEW YORK, May 23d, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have cooperated with Miss Kate L. Burnet, the estimable sister of our late friend, John R. Burnet, A. M., in procuring a granite monument to be placed over his grave. The entire cost of the monument, including the inscription, will be two hundred and ten dollars, and it will cost perhaps ten or fifteen dollars more to put it in position, say two hundred and twenty-five dollars in all. Of this I have raised, through the Fanwood Literary Association, one hundred dollars, and Miss Burnet has secured seventy-five dollars more, leaving a balance of about fifty dollars.

I have been told that it was your opinion that the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes would gladly unite in project of this kind, and I, therefore, write to say that we should be glad to have you give the officers of that body the opportunity of contributing the whole or a part of the above-mentioned sum; or, if they have not the requisite authority, will you ask for voluntary contributions through the columns of your valuable paper, the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*?

The inscription on the monument will be as follows:

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN ROBERTSON BURNET, A. M.,
Born December 26th, 1808,

His deaf-mute friends, to whose cause he
devoted the best efforts of a
BRILLIANT INTELLIGENCE,
and the warmest sympathies of a
LOVING HEART,
gratefully contribute toward erecting this
Monument.

It is surely unnecessary for me to expatiate on the virtues of Mr. Burnet. A purer man never lived, nor a warmer friend to the deaf and dumb, and no man ever shared their lot with greater contentment. His was one of the noted names among illustrious mutes, and could be always pointed to with pride by those who looked upon deafness as no bar to greatness.

Very truly yours,
ISAAC LEWIS PEET.

A Trip to the Battle-field of Bull Run by Two College Students.

We started on the 18th of April, passing Arlington Heights, where lie buried the bodies of 15,000 United States soldiers, who were killed in the late war. The weather was all that could be desired, and we were in perfect spirits. The road we took was a picturesque, hilly one, shaded by fir trees, and as you near the battle-field it grows wider and harder. After having walked twenty-five miles, we arrived at Centreville, a small village five miles from the battle-field, and stopped there for the night.

Centreville was once a thriving business place, but during the war was torn to pieces by both armies. There is little left of the effects of the war, except the remains of breastworks. Within two hundred yards of our lodgings are the scenes of many skirmishes.

Early next morning we resumed our journey, and one hour's walk brought us to the Stone Bridge that crosses Bull Run, where a body of United States soldiers first made an attack on the Confederate army, while another body marched around by the upper fords to surprise it on its left flank. The banks of Bull Run are rocky and precipitous, overlooking the bloody grounds. The battle-field extends two or three miles along and back of the Run, and is rather a plateau than a plain, with fine farms, now overgrown with fir trees in many places. There are at the present time on the memorable field, six farm houses, each located on a hill commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The Henry, the Lewis, and the Robinson houses are the principal dwellings which were occupied by the Confederate troops during the battle. The two first named houses were destroyed by bomb-shells, and have been rebuilt. The Robinson house is a wooden one, which served as a sort of breastwork during the battle, and which is pierced all over by bullets and cannon-balls, as also are the trees around it. At night we lodged near the Stone Bridge, at a farm house, known as Van Peets'. It was the headquarters of the Confederate General Evans, at the time of the first battle. Early in the morning of the conflict, the Confederates had moved from this place and fallen back as far as the plateau, where the Henry house now stands, and there fought until they won the day. The house was turned into a hospital for the wounded Union soldiers for a short time, and during the second engagement it was used for the same purpose by both armies. It was also the signal post of the Confederates during the battles at Manassas, and in the Bull Run mountains. Near the house is a large forest of pines and firs, through which the Union soldiers marched to Ludley's spring, where they met and surprised the enemy.

The next day was a lovely one, and we set out for the Henry house. We met the proprietor of the house, Mr. Henry, who kindly volunteered to go with us as guide. This is the most important point on the grounds, being situated on a plateau, which commands the whole battle-field, and for the possession of which both armies fought desperately. It is the spot where two great battles took place; the first on the 21st of July, 1861, and the other on the 28th, 29th and 30th

of August, 1862. In front of the house is a monument erected by Union soldiers to commemorate their comrades who fell in those battles. It is a plain, high monument, built of brown stone, surmounted with bomb-shells, which were picked up from the battle-field. At a short distance from this monument, the batteries of Rickerts and Griffin were captured in the first battle. Not far from the monument is the spot where the rebel General Jackson was wounded, and where, on the 21st of July, 1861, he showed that determined attitude which gave him the title of "Stonewall" Jackson. Opposite the Henry house are the spots where fell the Confederates, General Bee, Colonels Bartow, Fries, Thomas and Mangum, on the 21st of July. Behind the house is the grave of an aged lady, Mrs. Judith Henry, (widow of Dr. Isaac Henry, a surgeon in the United States navy during the administration of Washington,) who was killed in her dwelling by the explosion of shells in the first battle, while she was confined to bed by the infirmities of age. We sat down with Mr. Henry, beside the grave of his mother, to take a view of the battle-field, looking towards the south. Our guide then remarked that the rebel army came in on the left of the place where we were sitting, and the Union army on our right. Colonel Cameron, brother of the former United States Senator from Pennsylvania, was killed on the opposite hill, in the first battle. In the second, Colonel Webster, a son of the great statesman, was killed near the same spot. Jefferson Davis came upon the scene just at our left, after the close of the first battle, he having hastened from Richmond to the field. General Sherman was present in the first battle that was fought on this ground. He was then a colonel, and he was in the house just before it was demolished, while the soldiers were fighting around it. He visited the battle-field summer before last, and told this to Mr. Henry. Where we were sitting, General Lee was standing when he closed the battle of the 28th, 29th and 30th of August, 1862.

One of Mr. Henry's sisters was made quite deaf by the constant thundering of 2000 pound cannon around the house. She still lives in the house. Mr. Henry conducted us to a spring at the bottom of the plateau. The spring was fought for by both armies, one often taking possession of it and then the other. Sharp-shooters behind the trees fired at every one going to the spring to drink, until a circle of dead of both armies lay upon its margin. Our interest was excited by seeing a cannon-ball in a large oak tree by the spring. There is a story about the tree: A Federal soldier, wounded by a sharp-shooter, perhaps, when he came to the spring for water, was found dead, sitting up with his back to the tree, and with an open Bible in his hand, which had been reading in his last moments.

Leaving the battle-field at noon, we arrived at Fairfax Court House in the evening. The reliefs we brought with us are as follows: A cannon-ball, a United States belt, twenty-four bullets, variously shaped, two bomb-shells, one whole and the other exploded, two rusty bayonets, one whole and the other broken. The belt and the whole bayonet were found on Bull Run, near Stone Bridge, while we were bathing. The broken bayonet is the most interesting of all, because it was used on the spot where General Stonewall Jackson expressed the famous determination to "give them bayonets." In the socket of the bayonet there is a piece of fir pole. Some Confederate soldier, whose musket may have been broken or disabled, had seized the pole and, fixing the bayonet to it, rushed into the conflict which ended so disastrously to both armies.

As we missed the stage, we left Fairfax Court House in a milk wagon, at half-past nine o'clock and arrived home at half-past three the following morning. Tired and footsore we at once retired to rest. Late in the morning we were awakened by a loud noise, so loud that we almost thought we were being blown up by our own bomb-shells, causing us to spring quickly to our feet. It was only the deep thud of the door-knocker, with which the rooms of the students are supplied, pulled by some students anxious to get a glimpse of the relics from Bull Run. J. A. K.

National Deaf-Mute College,
Washington, D. C., May 24, 1878.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., May 18, 1878.]

ANECDOTE OF HEAVEN DESIRABLE.

Some years ago a little deaf and dumb girl, about eleven or twelve years of age, heard a description of the blind asylum in London, Eng., and she wrote, with eagerness, on her small slate, "I hope God will let them see in heaven."

Another of the same age, lately, on being asked why she desired to go to heaven, immediately answered, "Because in heaven no cry—no cross—friends never die—see God always."

How desirable such a place!

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF A POOR DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

This fellow was at school in France, and he was deaf and dumb, but through the mercy of God a way has been discovered by which such poor offsprings may be taught a great deal. One day some gentlemen entered the school, and one of them singled out this boy from among other boys, that he might examine him. He was first asked, "Who made the world?" The child took his small slate and wrote the first verse in the Bible. "In the beginning

God created heaven and earth." The gentleman then asked him, "How do you hope to be saved?" to which the child replied, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Very proper answers, were they not? Ah, my dear children! Perhaps you could not have answered the questions as well. I only wish for all of you that you knew as much in your hearts as this boy; then you would be wise both for time and eternity. But I will tell you the last question the gentleman asked him. It was, "How is it that God has made you deaf and dumb, while all those around you can hear and speak?" The poor, humbled boy seemed puzzled for a moment, and a suggestion of unbelief seemed to be put into his head; but quickly recovering himself, he wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Happy little boy! He had been taught by the Holy Spirit to look upon God as his Father, and knew that whatever he ordered for him must be best.

A gentleman traveling in Vermont found the following lines inscribed upon a board, near a watering-place where he stopped to water his horse:—

"Temperance fountain, good as can be,
Better far than rum or brandy;
Let your horse be judge and jury."

THE ADVENTURE OF A MOUSE.

The other night the Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, delivered a lecture on an interesting anecdote of the adventure of a little mouse, as follows: In Germany, once a little mouse was running out of a hole in the dwelling; it was suddenly frightened by observing a cat chasing it; it ran through the fence and into a pile of shavings in the shed, and the cat was disappointed at not catching the mouse. By and by a little lass came and entered the shed with a basket, and filled it with shavings. At this time the mouse was in the shavings which were removed from the pile into the basket. The girl carried the basket into the shoe-shop; she took some shavings and put them into the stove to make a fire. The mouse, which saw what she had done with the shavings, feared that it would be burned in the flames; so it leaped out of the basket upon the girl's apron. When she saw it she screamed loudly. The master of the shop and some workmen chased the mouse, but it disappeared. The master told his wife to work on. At this time the mouse ran and climbed into one of a pair of fine shoes which lay on the floor. By and by a servant came to the shop and told the master that the lady wanted a pair of shoes for pleasure-riding. The master told her to take these shoes, and she took them home. The servant put one of the shoes, in which was the mouse, on her foot, while the lady was sitting on a rocking chair. The mouse thought it would be crushed to death, so it bit her toe. When she felt that something bit her toe, she kicked, screamed loudly and fainted, thinking a snake bit it. After the doctor had examined her toe, he told her that a pin or a nail had hurt it. After this, she went riding, and the mouse, which was thrown from her shoe, ran under the sofa, then ran through a hole near the door and escaped.

HOW TO BECOME WISE.

Seek all that may be bought, taught, Ask God in faith for all the rest, And you with wisdom shall be blest.

Yours respectfully,
W. H. L.

THE BAY STATE MISSION.

G. BENTLEY, JR.'S LETTER TO J. T. TULINGHAST.

BOSTON, May 21st, 1878.

FRIEND TILLINGHAST:—Will you please send the following to the editor of the *JOURNAL* and ask him to publish it? It was published in that spicy little sheet, the *Mirror*, in its issue of May 10th, and we are requested to publish it for the benefit of our readers and to further the cause of unity. It appears to be editorial, and we have no doubt that if Brother Pond will travel eastward this summer, he would receive a most cordial welcome. Go east, Brother Pond! go east. Try some Boston baked beans and brown bread, and then if "thoe don't like 'em," say so, and done with it.

G. BENTLEY, JR.

The following is the article in question:—

"Preliminary steps have been taken, owing to the success of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, to organize and establish the Massachusetts State Deaf-Mute Mission, the same to unite all denominations under one banner.

As we have previously remarked, we believe that a great amount of good can be accomplished by all uniting together and accomplishing what one could not do alone. All are working to the same end. All are endeavoring to purify and enlighten the minds and thoughts of the people, that the mysterious future may be one of happiness, and also that this life may be better enjoyed. In the last great day it will not be asked, "What was your creed?" or "Under what form did you worship?" but "What good have you done?" not heeding the manner or form in which it was done. We are glad to note this friendly feeling among the different denominations east, and shall rejoice when the day shall come—as it surely will—when every State will have its "State Deaf-Mute Mission" or "Society," with the motto, "All are welcome!" and through unity wonders will be wrought.

Success to the deaf-mutes in the Old Bay State; may they keep on ever with their good and benevolent work."

Sixtieth Anniversary of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

On Tuesday, the 21st, we had the regular anniversary of the institution and the election of that class of the board of directors whose terms of office expired on that day.

The exhibition held a couple of weeks ago in the Broadway Tabernacle was an extraordinary affair, such as takes place only at long intervals, when, as on this occasion, some of the religious or missionary societies invite us to assist them in celebrating their anniversaries.

On the 21st the exercises were much the same as those in the Tabernacle, save that the pupils, perhaps for being at home, did better.

The day dawned on us dark and cloudy, but those among us who could read the signs said it would clear off by afternoon, which forecast was supported by the morning papers. School began at 8 A. M., as usual, but closed an hour sooner than common (at 11), when we had dinner. By this time the sky had cleared and the sun was shining out brightly, and soon dried up the puddles left by the last night's shower. Everybody was busy, putting the finishing touches to the decorations, and arranging the grounds. Before 1 P. M. all was done and in lovely order. The greater part of the company arrived on the train which leaves Thirtieth street at 1 P. M., and stopped at the institution grounds for their own convenience. Others came in their own carriages, or if they lived near, came afoot. They were first ushered into the large dining-room to a toothsome lunch. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, giving it a cool, pleasant air, and the word "Welcome," in evergreen lettering, under the festoons, made our guests feel at home. After lunch the election of the directors took place, those who were members going into the large reception room for that purpose and the rest of the company going into the chapel, where they waited the opening of the exhibition. The chapel was also tastefully decorated with hemlock wreaths. The cast of Dr. H. P. Peet, which is hung upon the wall in front of the audience, was wreathed in evergreens, and above it, in a semi-circle, the lettering, "He maketh the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." Upon the large slates, on the platform, were some crayon drawings of the pupils. One was a humorous cartoon, by Waldo C. Childs, illustrating the story of how an old deacon mistook a jackass for a ghost, in the moonlight, and proceeded to investigate with his heavy stick, and how he unfortunately investigated the wrong end of the "critter," and came to sore grief by a blow from his heels for his pains. Another was in colors and represented a pretty rural scene. The coloring was so skillful that at a little way it looked like a painting. But best was a beautiful cross, drawn in clear, cold cold lines as of marble, and half hidden by an embracing vine which entwined its bright green tendrils around the sharp angles, and softened the cold beauty into loveliness by its delicately tinted flowers. It was drawn by Miss Elizabeth A. Barry, at the suggestion of Miss Caroline V. Hagadorn, the teacher of drawing, who aided our pupils with their sweet hearts with gladness and love.

"I have chosen to write about the month of April. It is the second month of spring, and we begin to see the trees and grass grow, and the flowers and blossoms. We sometimes have warm and pleasant weather, but it is celebrated for April showers. I think that when the flowers come it weeps, and when it clears off it smiles again, just as we mourn and remember our Savior's agony and shameful death. I have chosen to write about the month of April. It is the second month of spring, and we begin to see the trees and grass grow, and the flowers and blossoms. We sometimes have warm and pleasant weather, but it is celebrated for April showers. I think that when the flowers come it weeps, and when it clears off it smiles again, just as we mourn and remember our Savior's agony and shameful death. I have chosen to write about the month of April. It is the second month of spring, and we begin to see the trees and grass grow, and the flowers and blossoms. 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